

The Revolution.

Devoted to the Interest of Woman and Home Culture.

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Editorial Notes.

A HAPPY New Year to all our readers.

THIS is the best time to subscribe to the REVOLUTION.

AFFECTIONERY is a poor substitute for affection. Confectionery in the pocket will not make up for the want of love in the heart.

ONE of our exchanges rejoices that the fashion of offering wine to New Year's guests has gone out, for ladies never look less charming than when acting the part of amateur bar-maids.

A SCHOOL-HOUSE has been built upon the spot in Boston where Charlotte Cushman was born, and the city has complimented her and honored itself by naming it the Cushman School. She has just given three very successful readings at Tremont Temple.

Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT was present and was invited to speak at the recent convention in Philadelphia; but she declined to take part in the proceedings because she regarded the platform which excludes Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony as too narrow for her to stand upon, and though she has no sympathy with free-loveism she has absolute faith in free speech and that in any fair contest of truth with error the former will gain the victory.

THE publishers of *Every Saturday* reconciled all the readers of that very readable paper to the proposed change in its form and character by the horrible illustrations which disfigured its last number. The frightful caricature of Dr. Holmes, representing this witty and genial gentleman as a rough backwoodsman with the measles is quite enough to kindle the ire of a less kindly man than he is known to be. Let the paper take any form but this, and it shall be welcome.

A CORRESPONDENT does not agree with Mrs. Howe's view of the Amendments. She thinks women ought to claim what is conceded whether it was intended or not. That is the lawyer's way, but not woman's way. We do not believe in woman's crawling into her kingdom through a technicality, nor stealing in through a verbal omission. Woman has waited a long day for her rights already, and now that she stands on the threshold of victory she can afford to wait for her brother to open the unbolted door. Let her stand on her dignity with true womanly patience and not try to pick the lock.

THE late Mrs. Jacob Whiting, of South Hingham, Mass., left \$3,000 to Tufts College, which will not admit a young lady to its privileges. Dr. Miner says he will consent to open the doors of the institution to women when fifty-

two of them knock for admission. We question whether there are fifty-two virgins foolish enough to knock at the doors of a second-rate college which respects numbers more than principles, and would do for fifty-two what it would not do for two. The college which takes in Thomas and Nicodemus and Peter and shuns its door against Mary has yet to earn its right to the Christian name.

IT is surprising how much cheerfulness and pleasure a few flowers contribute to a room in Winter. They put people in good humor. They make the sad smile, and the heavy-hearted happy. They are lovelier than any artificial ornamentation, and always teach a lesson of taste, grace and refinement. They exhale a fragrance of joy and hope into a home, and are silent prophecies of a Summer-land. The care of them is culture, and the love of them is religion. Not every one can purchase costly works of art, and not every one has a taste for music; but no housekeeper need nor can desire to forego the luxury of a few choice and lovely flowers. They give an air of comfort and sweetness to the humblest home; they add to the beauty of the most elegant mansion; they are the most splendid jewelry of the earth; they are the sweetest smile of heaven.

THE lady who thinks the REVOLUTION not sufficiently revolutionary in its ideas and methods may easily find a journal suited to her taste, which we shall not try to please. Commotion is not progress, and those who rant and tear the loudest usually say the least. Heart-strings are not cables, and the great interests and sacred institutions of society are not to be gauged by the inch-rule of individual experience and sacrificed to make room for a few visionaries to cut up their asties in. Undoubtedly a keg of powder would make more of a sensation than a score of workmen about their business, and it might destroy all they had done in a month. It is much easier to blow up than to build up; but the latter is rather the safer and pleasanter process of the two. If any prefer the other, however, we have no objection to their trying the experiment—on themselves.

THE reception of the Grand Duke has met with in this country has quite astonished as well as delighted the Russians, who expected he would be received with politeness, but were not looking for an outburst of popular enthusiasm. Some of the Court journals in other countries are slightly jealous, and suggest that it might be well for some of the younger sons of royalty to emigrate to a country where a born noble is made so much fuss over. All we can say is, "Don't." We have had the almshouses emptied into the holds of emigrant ships for our shores, and have made good industrious citizens of the new-comers; but save us

from the refuse of European palaces. We have neither taste nor use for that sort of material. We can civilize the rough energy of the peasant, and polish a pauper; but what on earth could we ever make of the fag end of royalty? Besides, these brainless, soulless, worthless wearers of other men's titles might possibly want to marry our daughters. The thought of such a catastrophe makes us tremble.

WE notice a great assortment of diaries for sale in all the shops. From the number and variety of these record-books it would seem that the custom of noting events and experiences is becoming quite general. The practice is excellent, provided the diarist is intelligent and honest. But too many diaries are filled with matters that one should pray to forget if not repent of having seen or done, and contain no mention of the very things most worth remembering—the deepest experiences, the best elements, the hardest trials, the severest defeats, the most signal victories of life. Most people seem to keep a diary for other people to read, and write what they want others to think rather than what is. Such records are a delusion and a snare. It does not pay to play "hide and go seek" with the devil. Keeping a record of events is a good practice, and it is very pleasant to look over such a record at the end of a year or years. The great thing, however, is to think and do something worth recording—something it will be pleasant to remember and refreshing to read of after the lapse of years.

ONE of the fine ways in which women can contribute to the culture of society and continue their own is by making their home the centre of intellectual influence and literary conversation. A lady in Detroit has opened her house for conversations of the highest order, and the best people in the city have filled her parlors to hear Emerson, Alcott and Mrs. Howe and other celebrated talkers; and now a distinguished scholar of Ann Arbor is reading a course of literary lectures to such as will come to hear, supplementing the reading with criticisms, suggestions and inquiries of their own. We hear of similar circles in Chicago, Dubuque, Bloomington and other places, and hope the plan will be carried out in all our cities and large towns. Surely there are people enough in all our cities who are prepared for something better than the usual receptions and parties of fashionable society; and it only needs for such people to throw their influence into a common centre to create the beginnings of a new order of things. Let every cultivated woman do what she can to add a new intellectual and literary quality to the society she moves in, and we shall soon have a purer and more invigorating atmosphere, and customs that are elevating, and a fashion that is refinement.

Tendencies.

It is somewhat strange that people do not yet understand that woman suffrage simply means equality of the two sexes before the law. Those who will not take the trouble to think are clever in the use of catch-words, and exert themselves to strengthen the impression that a simple act of justice towards woman will let loose unnumbered evils upon society.

Horace Greeley, and other men equally sincere and equally obstinate, affirm that to allow women to vote will act as a solvent on marriage and the most sacred institutions of domestic life. The natural inference is, that the thousands of women who have expressed an earnest desire for the suffrage want it simply as an instrument to pick locks, and destroy the wholesome restraints and blessed ties of home, because their marital relations are unpleasant and their duties irksome. It would be as just to say that male suffrage aims to destroy the home, and that the man who wants to vote hates his wife, and sighs for divorce.

Undoubtedly some women advocate woman suffrage in the hope that it will lead to the abolition of marriage in general, because their own marriage has proved miserable. The man who is ruined is very apt to think the world is played out. When the house falls, it is not strange if the victims attribute the catastrophe to an earthquake, instead of a loosening of the foundation or the shelving of a bank. A bit of blue glass, held close to the eye, colors the whole landscape with indigo. A personal bitterness, or corroding discontent, will distort and warp every image of the mind, and turn even the milk of human kindness sour.

Perhaps there is a class of men who advocate the abolition of capital punishment because their own necks are in danger. It would be as near the truth to say that all or the majority of those who wish to see the death penalty abolished are afraid of the rope, as to accuse the most of woman suffragists of covert designs upon the marriage relation.

Ever since the inception of this reform a small clique of persons has gained the public ear to proclaim the near destruction of our present social order. They have been loud in their prophesying, and by sheer vociferation have attracted an attention not due to any thing they have uttered, and their noise has produced no other effect than to strengthen what is imperishable in family relations, as a tree is rooted the deeper by the winds which shake its boughs.

Perhaps some of the crude and boisterous utterances on this subject have done good by calling attention to the abuses of marriage, throwing light upon the duties of a relation so intimate and sacred, and bringing out the truth that any improvement in our social state must spring from the improvement of men and women themselves.

A great reform like ours must keep its

drawbridge lowered. The newest of new lights may sound their horns about the Jericho of marriage, but the walls will not tumble. Ten, twenty, a hundred men and women, may proclaim from the house-tops that woman suffrage does not mean what it says it means, but something shocking to the instincts and tastes of all decent beings; still the unvoiced but all powerful convictions of the great mass of woman suffragist women remain unchanged. These women know that marriage is the safeguard of their sex; that home life is the elected and fittest sphere of most women, and always will be. No other arrangement could preserve the race in a civilized condition. Women, it is foolishly said, cannot fell forests, build railroads, or navigate ships; but it may be said with equal truth that men cannot make a home. It is as vain to say that women shall not vote because they cannot fight, as it would be to say men shall not vote because they cannot bear children. The one is an essential to the preservation of the state as the other.

The checks administered to Northern arms at the beginning of our war rendered success finally possible. It cannot be denied that erroneous notions and crude utterances concerning the bearings of woman suffrage on the marriage question have checked the progress of our reform, as a political movement; but it is calculated they will have the effect of securing final victory on broader and higher and more lasting foundations.

Elizabeth Heyrick raised the cry of immediate and unconditional emancipation of the blacks. It was a noble cry. But what possible good can come from calling women slaves? They are no more slaves than the disfranchised men of Europe. It is time that common-sense, and a decent respect for the proprieties of speech and the truth of things, should take the place of platform rhetoric.

We mean to have woman suffrage at the earliest practicable moment. But whether it comes in one year, or ten years, we shall work for it, and for all kindred causes, with all our mind and might. We have a rooted distrust of patent remedies whether for physical ailments or social ills; no one prescription however potent can cure everything; and when woman suffrage has been obtained we shall find plenty of wrongs to be righted and rights to be secured.

The apathy and indifferences of the masses of women to the suffrage question is not to be overlooked, neither is its significance to be underrated. But their inertness is confined to the political side of the great woman movement. Not one, probably, of the ten thousand women now praying Congress not to give the ballot to their sex, but what would claim a vastly wider sphere for themselves and their sisters than that which their grandmothers filled. The unfolding energies, the quickened intellect, the new achievements, and enlarged life of woman, are at this moment subjects of intense interest and congratula-

tion to all women. The educational and practical objects of this reform has obtained a grasp nothing can shake. The indifference of so many women doubtless arises in part from the fact that they fail to see that suffrage is only part of the great plan of woman's development, which will inevitably work itself out on its own lines, and in its own good time.

"Our Home Beyond the Tide."

This is the name of a pretty little volume of poems selected by Ellen E. Mills, and published by Crocker, Cornish & Co., of Boston. As the title implies, it is made up of religious pieces, and those which breathe grief over the loss of friends, and the hope of immortality; a little book to brighten a sick room and bring consolation to the bereaved. Although these selections do credit to the taste of the compiler, some of the most touching expressions on the death of loved ones, as, for instance, John Pierpont's lines beginning

"I cannot make him dead."

are noticeable by their absence. Washington Irving, near the close of his life, remarked that he often came across anonymous poems in the corners of newspapers which fifty years ago would have made the fortune of a young author. This volume contains a number of these waifs of literature, proving how much talent the age has produced by the evidences of it which are allowed to float about unclaimed. We select the following from the pen of an unknown poet, who sang perhaps because he "could not choose but sing."

A LITTLE WHILE.

Oh, for a peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright forever,
Amid the shadows of this little while!

A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while Faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the bridegroom's coming footsteps hallooing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.

And he who is himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad forever
Will light the shadows of the little while.

English Lessons.

Two English teachers of eminence, Professor J. R. Seeley, of the University of Cambridge, and Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, head master of the City of London school, have embodied their knowledge and experience in a joint volume for the purpose of instructing the English people in the right use of their own language. This book is not intended to take the place of an English grammar. It is exactly what its name implies—a series of plain, practical lessons addressed to those who, having already a familiar knowledge of English, need help to write it with taste and exactness. The first part deals with the difficulties of the

vocabulary, and teaches the student how to define a word with and without the aid of its synonyms. The second part treats of diction; and those chapters which point out the distinction between the diction of prose and the diction of poetry are especially valuable to all who are beginning to write, and to many who have written long. Metre is the subject of the third part, which aims to enable the pupil to read English poetry with intelligence, interest, and appreciation. The fourth part treats of different styles of composition, and an appendix is added which gives a few excellent hints on errors of reasoning.

Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have issued this admirable hand-book of the English language in good form, with fine paper, and clear print. The careful perusal of it cannot fail to benefit advanced pupils in our schools, as well as many who are out of school and yet have much to learn in connection with their mother tongue.

Co-operative Houses.

On Sunday, December 24, Mrs. Hannah MacL. Shepard, a woman who for some years has dedicated a large portion of her time to the effort of bettering the condition of the working women of our city, read a paper before the Cosmopolitan Conference, entitled "Co-operative Homes and Work for Women."

Mrs. Shepard, who has not only informed herself regarding those conditions of the working classes which need improvement, but has also made remedial agents and methods of reform her especial study, very strongly advocates the adoption of co-operation by the working classes, and especially by working women, as one of the most feasible and best methods of overcoming many of the difficulties which beset them in their struggle for life. She evidently has but little faith in the utility of any of the homes and institutions established by the rich as charities in mitigating the evils they are designed to. She maintains that the rich owe to the poor simply justice and not charity, and that nothing short of removing the cause of evil will remove evil itself. If the employers will not accord employees the justice of a fair share of the profits of their labor, then the laborers must combine, take matters into their own hands by co-operation, become their own employers, and thus secure to themselves an equitable share in the division of the profits of the products of their industry.

Hungry men and women cannot wait for food and shelter until reforms or religion have ushered in the social millennium. They want food and shelter—need it now; not as a gift or charity, but as a right, as the product of their own labor. In union there is strength. A dozen women working singly, paying separate rent, buying food and clothing in small quantities, may scarcely be able to support themselves decently. The same women, co-operating with each other, may have a comfortable home, suffi-

cient and healthful food, proper clothing, and be enabled to secure sufficient overplus as a fund to provide for those of their number who may be ill, or who are temporarily out of employment. The speaker viewed co-operations not only as beneficial as remedial agents, but as moral training schools. They had tendency to suppress an overweening desire for leadership, to cultivate a spirit of toleration, and promote that grander manhood and womanhood which made "all men's good each man's rule."

The Conference have requested Mrs. Shepard's paper for publication in pamphlet form.

Taste in Dress.

An exquisite discrimination in selecting, arranging, and combining dress materials, with reference to figure, complexion, and individual style of manner, is the essential requisite of taste, apart from the authoritative laws of fashion. Indeed, it is individual taste which allows of such charming variety being introduced into successive fashions without violating their general character. Absolutely formal imitation is not demanded; but the variety must maintain what we may term the characteristics of the fashion. There is thus an unlimited play for the taste of the milliner and the dressmaker; and wherever taste is rendered apparent, it induces pleasing and delightful emotions, varying with natural sensibility, and directly opposed to those emotions which excite surprise, laughter, aversion, or displeasure. The possession of an appreciation of the qualities of beauty, and of the means by which, in dress, charming effects are to be realized, gives the fire to that

"Emulation, whose keen eye
Forward still and forward strains,
Nothing ever deeming high
While a higher hope remains."

There are those who judge of beauty by the emotion which it excites, without particularly analyzing the causes; and there are others who judge it by that experience acquired through the exercise of taste. The effect of an article of dress will be different on different minds, but all may admire its beauty while experiencing a diversity of sensations. There are many who possess only the rudiments of the science of taste, who yet feel the full potency of its charms when exemplified in the milliner's art. The standard of taste itself has baffled all the researches of philosophy. Like Othello we may exclaim:—

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;
Let me not name it to you!"

It is well the sensibilities of the mind are so ductile. Every new impression produces a change in judgment and opinion which has a sensible and intimate connection with our feelings and sentiments. We should say that a fashion in dress, respecting which opinions are divided, certainly possesses certain defective elements. If an assemblage of qualities in form, color, and material is beautiful, it must command general admiration. Fashion is far less arbitrary than is commonly supposed, obeying, as its leaders must, the golden rule Pope lays down in his "Essay on Criticism":—

"First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unering nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light."

Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art."

It is certain that the more excellence that appears in fashions the more their originators must have studied the archetypes of nature, so as to render the component parts of the general design harmonious, and of a character to excite that pleasure which results from beauty. The Parisian artistes of fashion, to whose gentle sway the world bows down, are continually engaged in storing their minds with models of grace and beauty, mindful of the variations in past fashions, and intent on carrying these forward by gradual developments, or if some excess be reached, compensating for it by a complete reaction. If we were called on to designate the leading difference between modern and older fashions, we would say it lay in the absence of that extreme regularity, order, and precision, which were identified with cumbersome pedantry, if such a word can be applied to dress and inelegant formality. Nature, whose dictates are always true, is now more faithfully followed, and that charming *abandon* which is so undefinable, but so appreciable, is carried out in art. Taste has been chastened through experience, and we have at once more refinement and more elegance.

It is true that the pleasures of novelty are of short duration. The mind demands continual change, but like varying strains of music—strains deviating from regular measures—taste discovers new pleasures in variety, and art is never wearied in discovering new associations and new harmonies. The public should be disabused of the idea that a few individuals introduce such modes and fashions into the world, as their own caprice or humor chooses to dictate. There is no one form of beauty, and if an object pleases it must be beautiful. Sensibility, so far from being a mere quality of taste, is its very foundation, though this does not exclude the fact that it involves principles of guidance. Those who possess an exquisite sense of the beauties of nature and art will not easily be misled, either in their opinion on fashions, or in adapting these so as to suit form, size, complexion, and style of manner.

BYRON began to love Mary Chaworth when he was seventeen, and for twenty years the bright flame never died out. "Do you think I would ever marry that lame boy?" he himself overheard her say to her maid. But he went on loving her all the same, and more and more deeply, the further that space and time removed him from her. "I doubt sometimes," he writes, "whether, after all, a quiet and unsugitated life would have suited me; yet I sometimes long for it. My earliest dreams, as most boys are, were martial; but a little later they were all love and retirement, till the hopeless attachment to Mary Chaworth began and continued, though sedulously concealed, very early in my teens." The stanzas he wrote on leaving England for the first time, ending ever with the same refrain, "Because I cannot love but one," attest the thoroughness of the passion which had mastered him; and nothing is more certain than that he never loved again:

"To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe,
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
Yet still beats on as it began,
And never truly loves but one!"

AN ANNIE-mated man is not necessarily lively.

Contributions.

Man and Woman.

BY DANIEL SCHINDLER.

(Editor of the *Christian Radical*.)

DIFFERENCES are not necessarily variances, and not every difference includes an antagonism. Differences between persons or things to be radical, and, so to subordinate, or put the one into bondage to the other, must rise in different planes of being. Such are the differences that subsist between vegetable and animal life, and again between animal and human life. Each of these orders of life includes a specific purpose, comes about in answer to a specific creative thought, and has, therefore, its specific sphere of agency and privilege. And whatever differences one may see in such specific sphere, they are not conclusive nor variant; they are not proofs of inferiority on the one hand, or superiority on the other; they do not mean that one has more or less privilege than the other. They are only the bass and alto, the tenor and treble that blend in one song, that swell up into the choral symphonies of one hymn. They may be differences of sex, they may be differences of physical conformation, of temperament, mental and moral tendency, but as there is right development and a coming into normal conditions, they all accord, complement each other, and are made mutually helpful. And not one can say to the other, I have no need of thee, or I am more than thou.

The differences of the sexes are not essential. Trace them to their sources, and you have accord, the male and female element positing in the unity of one Nature. They are not altogether unlike the difference between the tongue and the groove. It would be impossible to tell which came first into the artist's mind. Simultaneously they must have entered his consciousness. By itself, neither means anything. They differ, nevertheless. And yet the one takes the other. They unite in one thing. They complement each other. Yet neither loses its individuality in the other. Out of mere differences, therefore, no man can construct an argument. Unless they rise out of different creative intents, they are invalid for an argument and may as well be turned against the man as the woman.

For the ends of a Human Economy the male and female elements have each become the basis of an individual, personal life. And that there is no radical unlikeness between them, and that the one is not over the other, in point of personal privilege, is further seen in their vital resemblances. In God, the masculine and feminine elements exist under one will. And even in the human sphere one always sees the male uniting the masculine and the feminine, and the female uniting the feminine and masculine. And it is common also to see the male dominated by the female and the female dominated by the

male. For sex of character does not always conform to sex of body. In its most intrinsic sense, it exists, often, contrary to the physiological indications. If, therefore, sex is to determine the matter of franchise—or any other question concerning persons—then the feminine male ought not to vote, and the masculine female ought to vote. I mention this in passing to show how utterly shallow and arbitrary is the argument that undertakes to determine franchise by sex. No male but has the female element, no female but has the male element. And I do not want to see the man who has not the female element, or the woman that has not the male element. And what God's meaning in this solemn fact is, is quite clear to all eyes, except those of politicians and priests. It is God's way to utter his voice against all tyrannies of one sex over the other, and to assert that personal rights are eternally the same for each. For this lying of the male element across into the sphere of the female, and of the female across into the sphere of the male, makes it impossible to draw the line of demarcation between the two.

Now it comes in order for me to note the vital and substantial resemblances of the sexes spoken of already in a more specific way. Has the male a human body? So has the female, and of kindred susceptibilities to pleasure and pain. Has the male an intellect? So has the female, and so essentially the same that one communicates its thought to the other as understandingly as does one sphere communicate its gravity to another. Has the male speech? So has the female, and just the same, coming to each in the same spontaneous and mysterious way, and bearing from one to the other messages of truth, heraldries of faith, and the tender freightages of love. Has the male an understanding, a conscience, a power of intuition, a reason, a will, a moral faculty, a religious sense, a spirit? The female has like rich and divine endowment, answering sweetly and eloquently across to that of her brother.

Now, it is this endowment of mortal, intellectual and spiritual faculty that assumes personality. Personality, at least in human beings, is the condition of liberty. Liberty culminates in the free State. The free State culminates in granting full range to the exercise of all the faculties of the rational person. The rational person has the native right of franchise in entire indifference to the matter of sex, complexion or physiological conformation. The State does not create nor confer this right. It is inborn, God-given, inwoven into the person in creation, and exists prior to and is condition of the State. It comes from personality, and is the innate heritage of the soul.

If not so whence our own Republic, with its millions of sovereigns, whose fathers talked so of "inalienable rights"—rights that dawned up in their inmost spirits from their profoundest depths, that kings paled on their thrones and despotism blanched

throughout all the earth? The State may regulate the franchise for safety's sake, and in the interest of the common weal, but the right of franchise inheres and antedates the State. And the State's right to regulate must forever turn upon the *morale* of the voter. Otherwise the State becomes tyrant and only needs the pretext or the opportunity to vest itself in a king. The question to be asked is not what is the sex of the voter, nor what is the color or shape of the voter, but is the voter a person, a soul, in self-consciousness of the ideas of justice and liberty. And to all such the pathway to the ballot-box must be thrown open wide and kept clear of hindrances, though they be poor as Lazarus, and fragile and timid as children, though they be black as night, or tender, delicate, fair and fragrant as angels.

Restricted Suffrage.

MRS. ISABELLA BEECHEE HOOKER, in her address on this subject, says:—When God put into that good ship *Mayflower* those two great ribs of oak—personal liberty and personal responsibility—he knew the precious freight she was to bear, and all the hopes bound up in her, and He pledged Himself by both the great eternities, the past and the future, that that ship should weather all storms and come safe to port with all she had on board. And what God has promised He will perform. So I beg of you not to think for a moment of limiting manhood suffrage. You cut your own throats the day you do it.

And if men cannot live in this country in safe homes, except their neighbor men are enfranchised, can they live without enfranchised women any more? If you cannot live in safety with irresponsible men in your midst, how can you live with irresponsible women? Much more, how can you grow into the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus, our Lord, how can you become perfect legislators, except your mothers are instructed on these great subjects you are called to legislate upon, that they may instruct you in their turn? You do not know anything so well as what your mothers have taught you; but they have not taught you political economy. It is not their fault that they have not, nor yours, perhaps. No man nor woman studies a subject profoundly except he or she is called upon to act upon it. What business man studies a business foreign to his own? What woman studies a business foreign to her own? In past ages, this woman, in the providence of God, we will say, has been shut out from political action, for, so long as the sword ruled and man had to get his liberty by the sword, so long woman had all she could do to guard the home, for that was her part of the work—and she did it bravely and well, you will say. But now men are not fighting for their liberty with the gun by the door and the Indians outside. You are fighting for it in the halls of legislation, with the spirit of truth—with spiritual weapons—and woman would be disloyal to her woman

hood, if she did not ask to share these heavy responsibilities with you. And she has really been training herself all these years she has seemed so indifferent; she has neglected her duty in part—I confess it freely—it is not your fault alone, gentlemen, that we are not with you to-day. If we had been so conscious of our duty and privilege, years ago, as we are to-day, if we had known our birthright, we should have stood by your side welcome coadjutors, long since. So we will take the blame of the past alike—we have all been walking very slowly this path of Christian civilization. But in the greatest conflict of modern times you announced great principles and fought for them on the field, and we stood by them in the home, and we stand by them still there. And when we come to deliberate with you in solemn council, as to how these principles shall be carried into legislation, your task will be easier, our opportunity will be larger, and still our hearts will be where they have ever been—in our homes.

About Working Women.

BY HANNAH MAC L. SHEPARD.

"Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt."

WILL the mournful notes of Tom Hood's pitiful song never cease to ring in our ears? Is there no present help for the fifty thousand women who, in New York and its suburbs, are wasting their lives away slaves to that pitiless little monster the needle? In course of time when the antagonisms of capital and labor are no more; when monopolies of all sorts, whether in land, learning or manufactures, are at an end, woman's slavery to unremunerative employments will also be of the past. But now, what shall we do for her when "consumed with hunger, starved with cold," suffering or dying with disease the result of grim Want, in the stifling tenement houses, freezing garrets, damp and rotting cellars of our cities?

Certain philosophers and so-called philanthropists, who themselves forsook the plough and the potato field for the more congenial and remunerative work of city journalism, say to these women, "Go into the country. Buy a house and garden and get your bread out of the soil. There are thousands of country houses, farmer's houses with doors wide open to welcome you; go to them; help the good wife with her dairy and her cabbage garden, and so shall you be blessed and not starve." As matters are now, such advice is simple mockery. Women who can hardly keep soul and body together from day to day have not means to pay their way into the country, much less to get the house and garden. The thousands of farmers' houses that are open to women as employees do not invite these women, who know nothing of country work, who are delicate and untrained, to their shelter.

The farmer's wife wants a stout, buxom girl or woman who understands her business, and who has strength to take some of her burdens, instead of adding to them. She will tell you very plainly that she "wants no sickly, inefficient women around her, and what do these city women know about farm work anyhow?" The homes in the country are *not* open to the class of women of which I write. Therefore they must for the present remain with us, and they must have means of support, or they must starve. As labor is at present remunerated and distributed it is impossible for them, working singly to keep themselves above privations that are detrimental both to health and morals. That woman who, lately arraigned for misdemeanor of some sort, told the judge that she "lived on privations," said what is true of most of the working women of our great cities.

They have suffered so long that they are benumbed—almost dumb with despair. They have no hope, and so make but little effort to trample their fetters under their feet and rise to a better way of living. They need teachers who shall show them that there is hope for them, and that they need not look to the outside world but to themselves for its fruition. They need instructors who shall demonstrate to them the practicability of self-help, and make them to understand that though like the faggots in the fable they are weak and easily broken when separated, they are strong when banded together, and can control conditions of comfort utterly beyond their reach as solitary workers.

Some of the city missionaries are beginning to preach this gospel of co-operation to the poor. They have even persuaded, in several instances, families of acquaintances to occupy a tenement house together, and buy coal, flour, etc., by the quantity, and thus save the immense profit made by the dealers in selling by the small quantity. More of this sort of preaching, putting people not only into ways of earning money, but of thrift and true economy, is needed. Let a dozen or twenty women—acquaintances, and likely to sympathize—engaged in occupations averaging about the same pay, take a house together and share expenses. They will find far more comfort at less expense than in keeping house singly or in boarding as they are usually obliged to. If, in addition to this, our workwomen would establish co-operative workshops—they might frequently be formed in connection with the homes—they could secure to themselves a much better share of the profit of their labor than now falls to them. There are many of the manufactures in which women are employed which might be almost wholly controlled by the employees, were they disposed to do so, by simple co-operation.

Capital will never remove the disabilities under which industry labors. Industry must take the matter into its own hands. Charities will not remove poverty; on the contrary, their tendency is to increase it.

The thing to be done is to equalize as nearly as possible the distribution of labor and its products; to facilitate the efforts of those who are disposed to co-operate in industry by giving them our countenance and custom; in a word we must help people to help themselves.

There seems to me but one present help for the excessive labor and under-pay to which women workers are now subject, and that is, as I have said before, the substitution of co-operation for isolated industry. Let those who take this view take all pains and every possible opportunity to preach the gospel of co-operation, and assist in the formation, establishment and security of co-operative associations.

The Universal Spirit.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

BEFORE an altar was, or ever burned,
The groping soul of man aspired and yearned,
Walked with his Maker down the glowing East,
Nor wanted book or vestment, shrine or priest.

So through the guesses of the infant race,
All worships gross and hideous in their trace,
Of idols coaxed with sacrificial blood,
Great Spirit, thou the soul of man hast woed.

Oft on the viewless pinions of the wind
Thy whispers sought the ear of human kind;
Over the desert and the lonely sea,
Untutored minds looked up, O God, to thee.

Thy gospels writ upon the front of night
Are syllables in stars of living light,
Thine where they shone when primal man surveyed,
And with a nameless rapture wept and prayed.

No golden beam e'er smites the island balm,
But bears thy message, minister thy balm;
No hairy savage dancing on the strand
But feels the touch of thine Almighty hand.

Shut from the churches, barred from out the fane,
Thou walkest, with silence shod, Life's battle plains,
Till through the temple of a living soul
The matchless harmonies of worship roll.

Supernal spirit of a toiling world,
Thy wide, majestic pinions never furled,
Winnow the stagnant pools of earth away,
And bring a purer air, a brighter day!

MR. FOWLER, the phrenologist, lays great stress upon the mouth as an index of character, and suggests that people shall look well to their lips. What spoils a mouth is a bad temper, a quarrelsome spirit, selfishness, slander, backbiting and sensuality. One cannot be dishonest, hard-hearted or unkind without affecting the contour of the mouth. Smoking and chewing tobacco injure its beauty, and every unclean appetite and vicious habit reports itself in the cut and color of the lips. The body is all tell-tale, and every man carries his confession published in his person for all to see and read if they will but use their eyes.

THE London Times was the first paper that took pay for marriage advertisements. Mr. Walter agreed to give the fees to his wife for pocket money, and at her death she gave the right to her daughter. When the right was repurchased, a few years ago, by the present proprietor of the paper it was assessed at \$20,000 a year.

"Oh, Tommy, that was abominable in you to eat your little sister's share of the cake." "Why," said Tommy, "didn't you tell me, ma, that I was always to take her part?"

Words and Works.

THE skirts of time : old dresses.

A COSTLY habit : dressing in fashion.

TO KEEP a wall from freezing : take it in.

WHAT is more painful to the sole than a nail in the shoe ?

ENTERTAINING knowledge : learning the price of provisions.

LIGHT weights are the bad weighs some traders have.

THE order of deaconesses is growing in the English Church.

A WOMAN's rights movement has been organized in Liverpool, Eng.

WHY should not a woman love a bonnet ? It is the crown of all beauties.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS is on a professional tour of the chief theatres in Ireland.

THERE is one woman too many in the Iowa State Penitentiary—the only one there.

THE Ohio State Reform School for girls has 104 inmates, with five lady teachers.

A RELIGIOUS family : the Bonds ; we hear of some of them being converted every day.

RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI is to marry Madame George Sand's only daughter next Spring.

ADELINA PATTI was recalled after her first appearance in Moscow, twenty-nine times.

A CHICAGO lady found her diamond ring in the ruins of her house some days after the fire.

BETTER be laughed at for being unmarried than be unable to laugh because you are married.

MRS. LAURA A. BERRY, of Davenport, Iowa, was the first lady Notary Public ever appointed in Iowa.

THERE is no good reason why a church sociable should be a cross between a Sunday school and a funeral.

FIFTEEN ladies, including the wife and sister of the rector, recently had their pockets picked in an English church.

A ROMANTIC young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually but always has a man in it.

DR. MARY J. SAFFORD has been engaged to lecture for the benefit of the Cairo Ladies' Benevolent Society during the holidays.

MRS. LANDER, the famous comedienne, is to be one of the belles of Washington this Winter. She has bought a house on Capitol Hill, and will Winter there.

A CLASS in natural science has been formed in the College for Women at Hitchen, England. Mr. Hicks, of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, is the lecturer.

THE latest fashionable color for bonnets or trimmings is known as peacock blue, and comes in several shades, and is very beautiful and delicate, and becoming to all complexions.

NANTUCKET has five women over eighty years old, who are the widows of five brothers. And it has any number of ladies who are not widows, and happy the man who marries one of them.

A NEW style of round hat is of black velvet in the shape of a cap, with a high crown, ornamented with a large black wing on one side, and a jet ornament and bows of ribbon on the other.

NILSSON has found a soprano singer in the choir of Dr. Chapin's church, New York, to whom she said, "You sing as well as I do. There are golden ducats in your voice." Nilsson has an ear for the ducats.

A MALE wretch who would be thought a wit, says a henpecked husband is never so much at home as when he is abroad. We know of more than one wife who never so longs to be abroad as when her husband is at home.

THE woman who declined going on a water party because she did not know how to swim say more than a goose, is second cousin to the young lady who refused to sing because her voice was no better than a nightingale's.

ONE of our religious exchanges deprestes the intellectual vagrancy and deadly mental dyspepsia that has had its foundation laid in many of our American girls, between the ages of seven and fourteen, by the gorging of washy Sunday school books.

A YOUNG lady of this city, very anxious that her lover, a young college student, should creditably pass his examinations, has had masses said in church daily for his success. Perhaps she would help him quite as much by saying mathematics to him.

OF Mrs. Smythe, of Indianapolis, the remarkable statement is made that she now has her fifth husband, and yet she has never changed her name. She was born a Smith, her first husband was named Smith, her second, Schmidt, her third, Smyth, her fourth, Smithe, and her present, Smythe.

A FEW months ago Madame Olivier refused to admit to her saloon any ladies in full dress. She gave the cold shoulder to the beauties who were all shoulders. Now it is the Crown Princess of Russia who has set herself at the head of a plain dress movement. Dress reformers may well take courage.

A LADY at the Brooklyn Navy Yard Ball wore a dress, the train of which was composed entirely of peacock's feathers. The ear-rings, necklace and cigarette for the hair were composed of pendants in the shape of a peacock studded with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, to imitate the plumage of this gorgeous bird.

IN our notice of the Thompson Free Medical College we inadvertently named Sarah A. Chevalier as one of the Faculty. She is not connected with the Board of Instruction, but has rendered invaluable service in forming this institution which commences with so much promise and is destined to supply a long-felt want.

"MA, I am going to make some soft soap for the fair this Fall," said a beautiful miss of seventeen, to her mother, the other day. "What put that notion into your head, Sally?" "Why, ma, the premium is just what I have been wanting." "Pray what is it?" "A 'Worcester Farmer.' I hope he will be a good-looking one."

THE Shakers believe in a Father of boundless wisdom and power, and a Mother of infinite goodness and love. They hold to a dual revelation, the masculine through Jesus and the feminine through Ann Lee. Equal suffrage and equal participation in the government of an order founded by a woman is an inevitable sequence.

THE Austrian women have certain legal rights which those in America might be happy to boast. They can refuse to accompany their husbands to any locality which endangers their

liberty, life or health, and, unless married to military men, can refuse to be parties to perpetual peregrinations, and to settling in foreign countries.

A WAG, on reading of a female barber, asked what she would do when a young shaver put in an appearance. A delicate voice suggests that she would advise her customers to cultivate the moustache and make a practical acquaintance of Combe on the Hair, but carefully abstain from dyeing, and then gracefully retire from a barber's world.

THE Woman's Bazaar held in Boston week before last was a brilliant affair, but financially was less successful than its originators expected. There had been a number of large and successful fairs just before the Bazaar was held, which accounts for the falling off in receipts. There is a limit to the interest of most people and bottom to most purses.

THE monument to Flora Macdonald has now been placed over the grave of the heroine in the churchyard at Kilmuir in the Isle of Skye. A monolith stone cross 18 ft. 6 in. in height, reared upon a basement 16 ft. high, marks her resting-place. As compared with other monumental crosses in Scotland, this is the largest of which any record can be found.

A SACRAMENTO paper says Governor Booth is friendly to Woman Suffrage : "Newton Booth, as a man, would ask no rights, privileges or prerogatives for himself that he would not be willing to grant to every sane adult person unconvicted of crime. What he may choose to do as a Governor the future alone can tell; but our faith in him on this point is firm enough to bet on."

A CAMBRIDGE lady has carried flowers to the Charlestown State Prison, Mass., every week the past year, and on Christmas she gave each of the 543 prisoners a bunch of immortelles and evergreens with other flowers interspersed. Each man took his gift with a smile of gratitude more expressive than any words could be. She made a similar gift last year, and the prisoners kept the dry flowers through the year as a precious keepsake.

MRS. MARY A. LOUNMANN has just become the purchaser of the famous Bull Run battle-field. The farm is known as the Hazel Plain, in Prince William County, Virginia. It contains 550 acres, and was sold at \$8 per acre. On it were fought the first and second battles of Manassas. When the war commenced it was under a high state of improvement, and the dwelling-house upon it was one of the finest in the State; but the scourge devastated it, and the open fields and young pines and shattered mansion all now bear evidence of the bloody conflicts of which it was the scene.

THE long, flat boa has quite taken the place of the collar, and together with the muff, which has not changed its size or general appearance, comprise the fashionable sets of the season. Seal-skin sets are very much admired, and are, indeed, exquisite in color and style. They can be bought, lined with satin and richly mounted, for thirty dollars. A novelty in seal-skin jackets is made with revers cut up on the back and sides, and bordered with some other fur, grebe or black marten. The fancy, however, is not good style, or good taste; it simply vulgarizes a distinctive and formerly distinguished garment.

THE marriage of Olive Logan and Wirt Sikes was a very simple but impressive service, per-

formed by Robert Collyer, the blacksmith preacher of Chicago, who welded hymen's chain with a single sweet word-stroke. The reception that followed was the hearty and spontaneous greeting of friends rather than a fashionable crowd of curiosity mongers. The married couple immediately started for Warwick, where the bride had engaged to lecture that evening. That is probably the first lyceum audience that listened to a lecture from the lips of a bride. Usually it is the bride that gets the lecturing, and pretty sorry lecturing it is sometimes.

A WOMAN in Syracuse recently showed a remarkable affection for her husband. He was arrested for beating her. The officer who made the arrest testified of the brutality of the man, and the woman, with whom Shaw and his wife boarded, testified that Shaw had beaten the woman until he brought blood from her face, her cheeks being swollen and bruised as witness to her story. But, strange to say, notwithstanding this cruel treatment from her husband, the woman tried to shield him from justice, from the first attempting to convince the court of his innocence, and, as a last resort, saying that he never mistreated her except when under the influence of liquor. Shaw was locked up for twelve months.

Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY lectured in San Francisco to a very intelligent audience of ladies on the proposed bill to license infamy in that city. She attributed most of the evils and degradation of women to poverty, and would strike the axe of reform at the root of the evil, instead of trying to lop off or hedge in its branches, by making it possible for women to earn an honest living and keep and spend their own earnings as they please. She denounced the proposed bill in the strongest terms and condemned the movers of it. The meeting was advertised for ladies only, but two or three of the speakers, amidst unsatiable curiosity which is characteristic of it, crept in to hear what was said, and were fitly welcomed by the undaunted speaker.

Gov. CAMPBELL of Wyoming, in his message vetoing the act to repeal the Woman Suffrage law of the Territory, says: "In this Territory women have manifested for its highest interests a devotion strong, ardent and intelligent. They have brought to public affairs a clearness of understanding and a soundness of judgment which, considering their exclusion hitherto from practical participation in political agitation and movements, are worthy of the greatest admiration, and above all praise. The conscience of women in all things is more discriminating and sensitive than that of men; their sense of justice not compromising or time-serving, but pure and exacting; their love of order not spasmodic or sentimental merely, but springing from the heart. All these—the better conscience, the exalted sense of justice—and the abiding love of order, have been made by the enfranchisement of women to contribute to the good government and well-being of our Territory."

THE Flushing (L. I.) *Journal* of Dec. 23 says: The "Woman Suffrage Meeting" at the Town Hall, Friday evening, was remarkably well attended, considering the snow, sleet and rain that made it disagreeable out of doors. Mrs. Wilbour and Mrs. Blake are prepossessing women, who write and speak well. They advocated woman suffrage as a right, and as a benefit to the whole human race. Their arguments and illustrations appeared to carry conviction to the entire audience, and the accomplished

ladies may be assured that their mission has gained friends for the cause in this rather unimpassioned community. The subject of "Woman Suffrage" will be debated by the Flushing Literary Society, during the season, and Messrs. Blake and Wilbour may expect a cordial invitation and earnest request to participate. Dr. Marvin, who made the opening remarks, was no less favorably received than his fair companions, and, despite the storm, it may be assumed that the visitors were all well pleased with their brief sojourn.

ERMINE, the loveliest of all fur, is quite recovering its former prestige. It is to be much used for ceremonial visiting and evening purposes. It is very reasonable in price—a handsome set costing only thirty-five to forty dollars. For eighty dollars, or less, therefore, a lady can provide herself sufficiently with fur—a set of black marten and a set of ermine affording a guarantee against all contingencies. Capes and cuffs of fur are as though they never had been. Astrachan, trimmed with seal skin, constitute very pretty and cheap, though less permanent, sets than solid fur, but cost only from ten to twenty dollars. We have white fur jackets for children, which are among the prettiest and most becoming of their winter garments, and can be bought, with muff, for twelve dollars the set. White fox sets for misses are in great demand—Chinchilla or "Persian lamb" for smaller girls. The cost is from three to ten dollars per set. There is nothing new to say of mink or sable. They have grown old and have attained an unquestioned respectability. The styles are the same as other furs, but in Russian sable the prices range from one hundred and fifty to seven hundred dollars per set; in Hudson Bay sable, fifty to two hundred; in mink, twenty dollars hundred and twenty-five.

Miss KATE STANTON made her debut before a Boston lecture audience last Tuesday evening week in Tremont Temple, and won the enthusiastic applause of the much-lectured and highly critical audience. The papers all speak in high praise of her effort and welcome her to the platform, for which she has a marked fitness. We have the best reason for knowing that her lecture abounds in good things, and though lecturers do not like reporters we shall take the liberty of telling a secret or two about the contents of this lecture. Her theme is Whom to Marry, and she says that a large share of infelicity arises from the fact that women wholly unfit to marry allow themselves to become wives. Women should, in every sense, be healthful, for health and happiness are inseparable. Young men always should marry large women rather than the small, all things else being equal. Never marry a woman who is prone to deprecate the virtues of any of her sex. Marry a widow, especially if she be a mother of healthy children, for widows in these days are apt to be more sensible than girls. Experience has done something for them. A widow's love is apt to be richer than that of a spoiled girl. Always marry a woman better educated than yourself if you can, so that you may respect her the longer. But above all, she says, be sure to marry an old maid, if you can. She is difficult of access, but once won she will make a paragon of a wife. In general terms, I say to my sisters, beware of all men. No man is what you would fain have him be. But if you will marry, and have love enough to warrant it, be sure to marry a generous man; he would exact of you no

bonds. Mary a healthy man. The dyspeptic husband is a worse thing in a household than all the diseases that children are heir to, including Asiatic cholera. Don't marry one of Mrs. Grundy's children, for a man who is a general news emporium, unless he be a reporter of the press or an editor, bless 'em, is almost as vulgar as being a news-vending woman. Of course, don't marry a drunkard, a low gambler, a quack doctor, or a low criminal lawyer. Marry a man of moral courage. Never marry a man who ever breathes a suspicion, by word or look, against the virtue of your sister woman, for such a man is always a tyrant, a coward, and ordinarily a sneak besides in soul, and he would make your life wretched with a thousand poisoned stilettos.

Mrs. MOULTON first made her mark as a singer at a charity concert in Cambridge. The audience went expecting to be bored. It was an act of benevolence on their part to go and pay their money. But when Miss Lillie Greenough poured forth the rich, deep, and tones of her voice in strains as sweet and electrifying as those of Bellini, they opened their eyes with wonder and involuntarily exclaimed, We have a singer among us. She went abroad, first to Dresden, and from there to Paris, and began a preliminary course of French and Italian; she was soon after sent to London, and placed under the instruction of Garcia, then at the head of the many vocal teachers in the North. She afterwards went to Italy and then returned to France, where she received additional lessons from Mme. Viardot, the half-sister of Garcia, one of the most thorough artists in her line that the age has produced. She returned and remained a year in America with her friends, singing very little, but studying quietly. The mother and daughter then returned to Paris, and in the early summer the latter was married to Mr. Charles Moulton. The festivities incident to such a step threw her into the gayest and most illustrious circles of the French metropolis, where she was recognized by Eugenie, who took the deepest interest in her. She gave a concert in the Emperor's apartments with such triumphant success that the Emperor presented her with a gold medal, suitably inscribed, a duplicate of which was deposited in the Imperial museum; and the Empress, not to be outdone in gratitude, followed it a few days after by the present of a magnificent bracelet of rubies and diamonds. Auber offered an opera for her, but died before it was done. He said, "I admire your voice more than any I ever heard." At Cannes she made the acquaintance of Jenny Lind Goldsmith, at a breakfast given by Lady Holland. Here, too, a warm friendship sprang up. They met frequently afterwards and sang together. "Yours is an extraordinary voice," said Mme. Goldsmith, "and the world should not be deprived of it." Returning to this country, she sang in this city, making a profound impression. Then she returned to Paris, where she distinguished herself by her devotion to, and sacrifices for, the soldiers during the terrors of the awful siege and strife. Her visit to this country the present season has secured her fame. Wherever she has appeared she has won new laurels. She is in the prime of her womanhood, and possesses a society prestige enjoyed by few, if any, professional singers. She leaves behind her an unexampled series of social triumphs, and enters the arena of art with an experience and taste matured by familiar friendships with the best masters in Europe.

THE REVOLUTION.

W. T. CLARKE, Editor.

This Journal is devoted to the interests of Woman and Home Culture. Items of intelligence, articles and communications are solicited. Contributions must be short, pointed and important, and invariably addressed to the Editor. Articles will be returned when requested, if the postage is inclosed. Terms: **THREE DOLLARS per year, payable in advance.** Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Orders, Bank Checks or Drafts, or Registered Letters. Papers are forwarded until ordered discontinued, and all arrearages paid, as required by law. In writing on business, always give the name of post-office and State. Address,

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A Practical Objection.

We have more than once had occasion to commend the fairness with which the *Times*—the great paper of this city to-day—treats the woman suffrage cause. Its attitude is friendly and its temper is kind; and though it does not accept our views, it meets them with argument instead of sneers, and treats its advocates with courtesy instead of contempt. Its course and spirit contrast so favorably in this respect with the *Tribune* as to deserve special commendation. In its issue of last Wednesday it says:

"We have always held that whenever the time came that women generally claimed the privilege of the franchise, it would be the duty of the Legislature to concede it to them. The old prejudices against women are fast disappearing, and have not much left to stand upon in this country, where women, as a general rule, are quite as 'bright' as men. Indeed, if most men gave a candid opinion on the subject, they would admit that the clever women of their acquaintance far outnumber the clever men. As for their influence on political life, if it is always to be exercised as it was in this city during the fight with Tammany, there would assuredly be no reason to dread it. Although the women could not vote, they worked very hard at home in the cause of honesty and good government, and if they could have gone to the polls, the blow delivered at the Tammany thieves would have been even more overwhelming than it was." Then, after quoting one of our notes respecting the purpose of our movement, it raises the question whether, if women are allowed to vote, the bad will not disgust the good and have things pretty much to themselves. Would not depraved women be brought to the polls by their cronies, and by their presence drive the respectable away?

Certainly this question is worth considering. In accepting a principle we must take whatever consequences it involves. There is no doubt, that thousands of good men have been driven from the polls in dis-

gust by the coarseness and vulgarity and violence of demagogues and their profligate supporters. Our elections have been allowed to go by default because the fastidiousness of the best men was stronger than their patriotism. But experience has shown them their mistake, and demonstrated the necessity of their taking an active part in public affairs for their own protection, no less than for public safety and order.

And it will be precisely so with women. Give them the ballot, and at once the interests and character of the sex are involved in its intelligent and conscientious exercise. Depraved and abandoned women constitute but an insignificant portion of the sex. Their presence at the polls might be disagreeable to women of refinement; but the presence of women of refinement and virtue would be far more disagreeable to them, and they would bow before it in silence or flee from it altogether. Women are naturally more sympathetic and public-spirited than men. They are influenced more by public sentiment than men are. They feel the pressure of responsibility and the call of a public trust much more deeply than men do. If the really intelligent and high-minded women, the wives and daughters of our citizens, were entrusted with the ballot, there is no question that would invest the polling-booth with an air of respectability that no ruffianism would dare to invade, and make it the sanctuary of virtue as well as the foundation of order.

An Outside View.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial* thinks the attitude of the advocates of woman suffrage who have called the forthcoming Convention in Washington indicates anything but despair. But the influence of the arguments they have put forward for woman suffrage have been incalculably injured by the rash doctrines they have avowed in other respects, and which have been the means, not only of dividing their forces, but dissuading thousands of intelligent women from participating in a political movement of very serious importance. It thinks that one of the great mistakes the woman suffragists have made is in allowing men to take part in the movement; and that the wisest thing the Convention can do is to summarily eject from the platform all "male rhapsodists and fanatics."

There may be some truth in this representation; but when people know that the crude notions and lunatic theories of a few doctrinaires are utterly repudiated by the vast majority of women suffragists, why will they persist in holding these responsible for them? Is the Republican party compromised by Mr. Boutwell's religion, or by Mr. Greeley's old white overcoat and slouch-ed hat? The advice to the women to get rid of men would be wise, were it their purpose to establish woman suffrage in opposition to man suffrage. But women do not want the exclusive possession of the ballot-box. They do not believe in one sex

governing the other. They concede to men all they ask for themselves. They are working not for themselves alone, but for men, for society, for the world. Their reform is in the interests of human nature. And however agreeable it might be to most of them to get rid of some men whose room is worth more than their company, they are bound by their idea, their purpose, the very spirit and intent of their movement, to welcome both men and women to an equal position upon their platform. And if men of character, wisdom and influence, like the editor of the *Commercial*, will not take a place which would honor them far more than they can honor it, they should not throw stones at those who think less of respectability than of fidelity to principle, nor at the women who accept their services.

Who Women Dress For.

It has generally been said that women dress to please the men. They aspire to win the notice and admiration of the other sex. If they are extravagant it is the fault of the men who admire and praise splendid and costly attire, and who demand constant changes in the fashions to gratify their changing tastes and fancies. There is undoubtedly some truth in this view, though perhaps it has been made to bear a heavier burden than it could carry. Eve has caught Adam's trick and blames him for the weakness she should be ashamed of and try to overcome.

But Frank Leslie's new paper, the *Ladies' Journal*, answers this question in another way, and one far less complimentary to the sex. It says women dress to shine each other down. They spend their lives and fortunes to out-dress each other. They undergo all sorts of torture for the sake of making each other jealous and miserable. The one aim of every woman in society is to dress better than all other women if she can, but better than some other woman at any rate.

This we cannot believe. There may be a few "ladies" of this vulgar type, but, fortunately, we do not know them. The majority of women do not care enough for each other to harbor a settled hatred, much less to commit martyrdom for the sake of making them miserable. They care ten times as much for the notice and admiration of the other sex as for the good or ill will of their own. Some women are fanatics on the subject of fashion, as others are on religion. Here and there we find a woman who has a mania for dress as decided as any mental disease will ever be. The majority of women, we are persuaded, yield to the force of public sentiment and established custom and dress as they do because it is the fashion, because they are expected to dress in certain styles, and would be considered ill-bred or eccentric were they not to conform to the rules of their set. Dress is one means of influence. It has been the chief means through which women have addressed the public. They have spoken

to the world's mind and heart through the beauty and splendor of their attire. They put their poetry upon their persons; they wear their eloquence as a garment.

We may rail against fashion and its follies until doomsday, and without avail unless we find an antidote therefor. Women must have some outlet for their energies, some appropriate field for their activities, some expression for their taste, refinement, love of approbation and of art. Finding most other avenues closed against them they have made dress their business, language, passion, art. It was their only recourse. Blame them not for doing what is really an honor to them, and another illustration of the genius and nobility and wealth of a nature which, repressed on one side, overflows upon the other, and denied an outlet in utilities blossoms into beauty and converts the beauty of the globe into material for its decorations. The tyranny of fashion and its follies will cease when other and nobler things than dressing invite woman to do them, and the public sentiment of the world sustains them in the doing. When women are called to do the grand and fine work of the world, and feel the attraction of its rewards and prizes and honors, the enrichment of culture, the nobility of art, the glory of charity, they will cease dressing themselves like dolls.

The Right to Grow Old.

"A WOMAN," wrote M^{me}. de Menlen, "who has reached the end of youth, must not suppose that she has any further concern with passion, not even with vanquishing it. Her strength must henceforth lie in calm, not in courage."

The celebrated French female moralist and critic did not say that a woman who has reached the end of youth, especially if unwedded, has no further concern with respect and consideration; for in the country where she lived the convent opened its doors to superfluous daughters who were most likely in after years to fill the unenviable position of old maid. An immense distance lies between the conventional spinster of forty, with her ungainly outline, sharp visage, corkscrew curls, questionable temper and devotion to tattle and tea, and the nun of the same age in simple garb, with chin band and rosary, and face of woe, if not limned with heavenly peace, at least schooled to repression. The one is a target for scorn, a synonym of gracelessness; the other is an inspiration to art and an object of veneration.

In time the convent became the single woman's asylum from the contempt of the world. The act of taking the veil hinted at a height of renunciation beyond which the imagination of man could not go. It told of abandoning even a remote prospect of matrimony for the service of God, and the woman of the cloister became a consecrated person.

In spite of the mould and mildew of conventional existence which dwarfs the in-

tellect stifles the heart, feeds the moral nature on husks and represses the sweetest instincts of the woman-soul, we must ever think kindly of a system which for ages has furnished the only sphere wherein single women could grow old with honor and dignity.

Mr. Lecky bewails what he considers the mistake of Protestantism in wholly rejecting the convent. He thinks that, by modifications and improvements, it might be made to give the ever increasing number of unwedded women in our modern communities an honorable refuge, assured position, and large opportunities of usefulness. Protestant sisterhoods, established in the Church of England and here, seem to hint at a reconsideration of this whole question. But convenient as a plain garb, not subject to the caprices of fashion, may be for works of charity and hospital service, in the midst of the new thoughts and impulses of this age any reaction towards a mediæval solution of the single woman problem can only be slight and ineffectual.

The opening of new avenues to independence and self support is gradually doing, in a far better way, what the convent did, and according to the unmarried of the sex the right to grow old.

Women are losing the motive to tell unequivocal falsehoods about their age. Hair dye is going out of fashion, with the feeble tricks and thin disguises of coquetry which have outlived the charms that could alone render them excusable.

Happily the affectation of appearing young after youth has forever fled, in order to secure a little more notice or escape a little less contempt, is not so common as in former days. The humiliations and defeats of ladies of uncertain age in their vain attempts to catch the favorable glance of a masculine eye, and pick up some stale crumb of gallantry to feed the hunger of a starving hope, and the questionable excitements of gossip and scandal, have done more to degrade woman and have furnished more material for the satirists of the sex than they will in the years to come. We have nearly outlived that folly.

The faults and peculiarities of the conventional spinster were altogether natural. Her character, or want of character, grew out of the circumstances of her life. Often an unwelcome member of a relation's household, she constituted a cross between an upper servant and one of the family—a person to be used or abused, snubbed or patronized, berated as an incumbrance, or made a convenience of when an extra bedroom or seat at the table was required. It was "only Aunt Sukey" or "Cousin Jemima," and nobody thought of minding her. She might possibly have feelings; but still was treated as if the emotional and sensitive parts of her organism had been left out. She was nothing but a fussy, unattractive, tiresome old maid who had run her race and lost the stakes, and played her game in vain; and having no affairs of her own, was expected to devote herself to the

interests and comfort of other people, and be set down as a busybody and scandalmonger. If she earned her living five times over, she was never free from a degrading sense of dependence, and clung to precarious, unrecognized position, like a drowning man to a spar.

What wonder that the youth of such a woman was passionately regretted, and the affectation of girlishness kept up so long as a possible hope of matrimony remained! No more humiliating spectacle is seen than a woman forever on the anxious seat, gaining years and losing chances, simpering through false teeth, and trying to hide her faded skin and wrinkles under a consistency of rouge which deceives only the poor creature who puts it on.

As new fields of labor open, and the energies of women are more completely enlisted in active service, the single woman formerly known as "the old maid" will lose the character of a mere appendage and gain that of a real person. She will assert her right to grow old and live honestly with herself and the world. She who has done something, acquired something, earned a provision for the present and the future, finds herself a unit where before she was a fraction or a cipher. The sixtieth year came as naturally and beautifully to Mary Mitford as the sixteenth. Wrinkles, gray hair, and faded complexions are not the things that women, married or single, need to fear. To scorn these because they are not the fashion of girlhood is like rebuking the russet of November because it is not the verdure of May. What all women have to fear is not age, but vacuity of mind, shallowness of head, emptiness of heart, a dearth of wholesome interests, the want of a cultivated intellect, and the ability to enjoy the best things.

The middle period of a woman's life ought to be the most productive, and may be made the richest and the best. It stands related to youth as the harvest ear stands to the green blade. The single woman of today, with her hands full of congenial work, her faculties awake to the highest social interests, her affections exercised upon worthy objects, as they well may be, though she misses the cares of wifehood and the crown of motherhood, still finds abundant means for noble living. Each old year in passing, if it steals away the grace of the girl, leaves the glory of the woman; if it robes the hair of its gloss and sheen, it softens the white locks with sweetness and benignity; if it dwarfs the round contour of the cheek and filches its rose, it brims every wrinkle and cavity with the sunshine of the heart, making age in its Autumn even more beautiful than youth in its Spring.

How much more we might make of our family-life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed. But there are words, looks and observances, which speak of love, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

Miscellaneous.

The Polytechnic School of Zurich.

M. EUGENE RABBERT, one of the first literary men of Switzerland, gives the following interesting page of statistics respecting this school. He says :-

Let me here mention a fact which, should it become general, will lead to many striking changes. Women have crossed the threshold of the University. For a long time "étudiantes" (it is an ugly word, but, having the thing, we must coin the word for it)—"étudiantes," I say, taking advantage of the privilege granted them, now follow the lectures of the Polytechnic School. All the students of the University have a right to put their names down as auditors at the school; we have also seen some ladies not connected with the University who have followed, for their own private edification, some of the literary and historical lectures which form part of the official programme. They lingered at first about the door; they have now made their way into the sanctuary. One young girl has entered as regular scholar in the department of mechanics; it is said the authorities felt some embarrassment at the advent of so novel a case. After mature deliberation they arrived at the conclusion that it would be best not to cut the knot, but to let the result of the examination decide these special cases. The examination has been a most satisfactory one. The pupil is of Russian origin.

Will good or evil come out of all this? I for my part feel no anxiety about the result; quite the contrary; but it is a step of some importance in a new track. The door having once been opened can never again be shut.

This is how things came to pass in the University. When the question was first raised none would take active measures for or against it as a principle. Facts undertook this. Today the number of female students matriculated at the University of Zurich is thirty-one, of whom twenty-four are medical students and seven students of philosophy. Several have obtained their doctor's diploma.

The other day an American young lady went through the required examination with far better success than most of the male students. The contagion is even spreading to the "Zuricoises." At first it was only English, American or Russian women (one Argodienne forming the exception) who were attacked by it. They had this great advantage over other students—they could obtain the matriculation without bachelorship or the "examen de maturité."

The University is hospitable to strangers; but the rules are severe for those under the jurisdiction of the Canton. The "examen de maturité" for them is a *sine qua non* condition. A Zuricoise nevertheless presented herself a short time ago. The law made for her country-women was strictly applied, but she came through the ordeal with honor. It is even said that, among a dozen candidates, she obtained the first note for ancient languages. Woman is therefore admitted to superior studies. All legal or conventional impediments which shut her out from certain professions have given way of their own accord; and the time is fast approaching when she will be able to compete with man in all liberal pursuits.

There is no great distance from the school bench to the professor's chair, and how can we

refuse the right of teaching to those who have the right to qualify themselves for it, and why, from the amphitheatre or school of mechanics, should they not pass to the auditory of law or of theology. Would it be more wonderful to see a woman become a lawyer than to see her practice as a surgeon? Once in the path, what reason is there for stopping her? Thus one of the most important reforms is being imperceptibly accomplished.

Our ancestors, *bons bourgeois*, treated woman as if she were a child. There are now no more children; but let us hope that woman will remain to us, and that if our worthy partners are striving to emancipate themselves they may yet have a better ambition than that of simply imitating us.

The Gospel of Labor.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON, in a poem published in the *Southern Magazine* for December, gives some excellent advice, as, "What the South Says to Her Children." She says :

Let us wrest from the future the guerdons
That to resolute purpose belong :
Let us fling from our spirits the burdens,
And quit us like men, and be strong!

I bring you, compatriots, brothers,
(As largess ye dare not disdain,
Like Nature's, that bountiful mother's),
Savannahs as smooth as the main.

My valleys shall whiten all over
With snows never born of the cold,
And grain, like a Midas, shall cover
Every slope that it touches with gold.

The clink of the artisan's hammer
Shall scare from the forest its glooms ;
In the brake shall the water-fowl's clamor
Be drowned by the crash of the looms.

Then up from your torpor, ye sleepers !
The dream ye are dreaming deceives ;
Go forth to the fields with the respera,
And garner the prodigal sheaves.

With flocks gladden meadow and mountain,
With tinkling herds speckle each hill,
And blend with theplash of the fountain
The rumble and roar of the mill.

Brave hearts that have wielded the sabre,
Staunch spirits that stood by the gun,
Take heed to the Gospel of labor ;
The old dispensation is done.

Put hands to the plough of endeavor ;
Plant foot in the deep furrowed track ;
Set face to the future, and never
One wavering moment look back.

For none who despairingly centre
Their thoughts on the by-gone, and ban
The present, are fitted to enter
The on-coming kingdom of man !

Marriages in Japan.

THE new book on Japan, edited by Bayard Taylor, and published by Charles Scribner & Co., contains many matters of interest, but the following account of marriage customs will be read with pleasure at the present time :

It is very difficult for the stranger in Japan to share to any extent in the domestic life of the people, and hence almost impossible to witness their family festivals and ceremonies. In all the countries of the extreme East, the marriage of a girl is characterized only by the festivities which are held in the house of the bridegroom. But while the Chinaman is proud to invite foreign guests to the wedding of his daughter, in order to impress the former with the display, the Japanese, on the contrary, surrounds the

ceremonies of the occasion with the most discreet reserve. He considers it too serious to be witnessed by any other than the nearest relations and friends of the two parties.

Most of the Japanese marriages are the result of a family arrangement, prepared a long time in advance, and usually characterized by that practical good sense which is one of the national traits. The bride has no dowry, but she receives a very rich and complete trousseau. But it is necessary that she should have a spotless reputation, a gentle and amiable character, a proper education, and skill to conduct a household. Pecuniary considerations are of secondary importance, and they rarely take the form of money. When a father, who has no male child, gives his only or eldest daughter in marriage, her husband is called the adopted son of the family, takes the same name, and inherits the trade or business of his father-in-law.

Marriage is preceded by a ceremony of betrothal, at which all the principal members of the two families are present. It often happens that the parties concerned then for the first time are informed of the intentions of their parents with regard to them. From this time they are allowed every possible opportunity of seeing each other, and ascertaining the wisdom of the choice wherein they were not consulted. Visits, invitations, presents, preparations for furnishing their future home, succeed each other, and the betrothed are soon satisfied with their approaching destiny.

The wedding generally takes place when the bridegroom has attained his twentieth year, and the bride is in her sixteenth. Early in the morning of the appointed day, the trousseau of the latter is carried to the bridegroom's house and tastefully arranged in the rooms prepared for the festival. The images of the gods and the patron saints of the two families are also suspended there, before a domestic altar adorned with flowers and heaped with offerings. Lacquered tables support dwarf cedars and figures representing the Japanese Adam and Eve, accompanied by their venerable attributes, the centenary crane and tortoise. Finally, to complete the tableau by a lesson of morals and patriotism, there are always to be found among the presents a few packages of edible sea-weed, mussels, and dried fish, which suggest to the young couple the primitive nourishment and ancient simplicity of the Japanese people.

Toward noon, a splendid procession enters the halls thus prepared; the young wife, clothed and vailed in white, advances, escorted by two bridesmaids and followed by a crowd of relations, neighbors, and friends, in festal costumes glittering with brocade, scarlet, gauze, and embroidery. The two bridesmaids perform the honors of the house, arrange the guests, order the courses of the collation, and flutter from one group to another to see that all are served. They are called the male and female butterfly, which insects they are expected to represent in the style and ornament of their garments.

With the exception of certain Buddhist sects, which admit a nuptial benediction among their rites, a priest never takes part in the celebration of a Japanese marriage. There is nothing similar to a publication of the banns; but the police officer who has given permission for a nuptial festival in the quarter under his guardianship inscribes another couple upon his list. The public knowledge of the act, therefore, is as complete as possible.

In place of our sacramental Yes, they have

recourse to an expressive symbol. Among the objects displayed in the middle of the circle of guests, there is a metal vase, shaped like a basin, and furnished with two spouts. This utensil is elegantly adorned with bands of colored paper. At a certain signal, one of the ladies of honor fills it with saki; the other takes it by the handle, lifts it as high as the lips of the kneeling bride and bridegroom, and causes them to drink from it alternately, each from the spout on his or her side, until the liquor is exhausted. It is thus that, as husband and wife, they must together drain the cup of conjugal life, each drinking from one side, but both tasting the same ambrosia or the same wormwood.

The poor classes—one may say, the masses of the population—are generally free from the social vices which are encouraged among the higher classes by the license allowed to them. The households of the shopkeepers, artisans, laborers, and cultivators of the soil, exact the constant care and toil of the father and mother, the union of their efforts, in order to provide for the needs of their families. There are wedded couples who labor and save heroically for years, in order to pay the expenses of their marriage festival.

The Patti Sisters.

The only heirs of a long and illustrious line of great Italian vocalists at this moment prominently before the world are the sisters Carlotta and Adelina Patti. The mantle has fallen upon them gracefully, we admit, and the talents they have exhibited for the world's admiration prove them to be worthy the inheritance.

The Patti sisters have for several years divided the interest of the public in their separate spheres—Adelina on the operatic stage, Carlotta in the concert-room, and, occasionally, on the stage—with extraordinary success. Italian born, and members of an illustrious family of musicians, they inherited, besides exquisite voices, a rare and beautiful instinct for music, which made singing to them simply an irresistible impulse of nature. It is true they received their instruction in America; but Italy, the land of song, had given sunshine and warmth to their voices, and their instruction was imparted by their mother, herself a prima-donna of high European reputation. Both commenced their careers in New York, and, winning their first laurels here, they left to win further honors in Europe. Adelina went abroad first, and the news came speedily back of her triumphs in competition with hosts of great artists and established favorites.

Carlotta chose the concert room, and in a day became its reigning attraction. Within two months after her first appearance she had not only sung at fifty concerts with brilliant success, but had been summoned to court to sing before the Queen of England, herself a pupil of Lablache, who praised her in the most flattering terms. At the close of this brilliant season she was engaged at an almost fabulous salary for a concert tour through France, Belgium, and Holland. Her *debut* in Paris was more successful than in London, and after a brilliant engagement in that brilliant capital she continued her triumphant course through Germany and into Russia. In every place, her success was the same; her vocal accomplishments, her startling facility, took the critics and the public alike by storm, and won for her the friendly recognition

of the royalty of each nation. The Emperors of France, Austria, and Russia honored her by requisitions to appear at their courts, and presented her with valuable, nay, princely tokens of their admiration. Her return to New York was the beginning of an unexampled success continued in all our large cities and even in South America. She has now gone to Europe on an operatic engagement.

With all their Italian prestige, America's claim to these sister singers has never been forgotten here, nor denied by them, and we look forward to the time when one or the other, or both, will return to their old home, and renew with us the vocal triumphs which their genius has wrung from the most critical audiences of the Old World.

According to Pastor Snell, of Hohenstein, Germany, birds, with few exceptions, live in true, life-long marriage, as can be easily observed among ravens, jays, doves, sparrows, etc. The lark-hawk belongs to the quite inseparable birds, in spite of its general wildness. If we see in the autumn, when these rapid flyers go on their wanderings, one of them making his wonderful flights in the air, we shall, as a rule, soon discover his mate. A great many birds flock together in the autumn regularly in great or small bevvies. But it has also been found that the single pairs remain together. There are birds of passage, however, of which the males and females unite in separate flocks, and thus divided make their southward journey. This is, for instance, the case with the bullfinch. In spring, however, the same pair come together again. The male nightingale sings, on the first days of his arrival in spring, lively, day and night, without interruption, in order to call his mate to him, who arrives later, or, since she knows their home, to announce his presence. The sparrow-hawk meets his mate, in the spring, on the same tree where they took leave of each other the former year, after he has made many cross flights, and perhaps visited the palm-groves of Africa; and they prefer to inhabit the same thicket which they had formerly occupied.

Whoever has observed how a pair of birds are always together, always call to one another, share each joy and sorrow, and during the hard frost press close to one another in their sleep, in order to keep themselves warm, and all this at a time when the passionate instincts are asleep so deep in the breast of the bird, will admit that such a marriage is no ordinary union, but one grounded upon the most earnest and true friendship. Thus nature prophecies to humanity, and teaches lessons we should be swift to learn but slow to forget.

GEORGE KEATS, a brother of Keats the poet, lived for many years in an elegant mansion in Louisville, Ky. He died in 1841, and close by the side of his monument stands his daughter Isabella. She was a beautiful and accomplished young girl, and is said to have resembled her uncle, the poet, in look and character of mind. She had considerable talent as a painter, and promised something of poetic ability also. Her death was a sad one, sadder far than that of the poet; as it was after the report of a gun she was found, late one evening, in the parlor of her father's house, mortally wounded in the breast, and died in one or two hours. Shakespeare, according to some of his critics, leaves it doubtful whether he would have the reader believe Ophelia a suicide or an unhappy young girl

accidentally drowned. Some periwinkle vines creep about the grave-mound of Isabella Keats and keep it green.

MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH says, men and women have a wonderful deal of courage who marry without knowing whether their companion is sound in body and sound in mind! With a false delicacy, they fear to look into these matters; with a gross sensuality, they are attracted by mere flesh and blood, or, with a coarse, tiger passion, they affiliate with a like fervor of blood, and, in the course of years, the little church-yard shows its little row of graves; its sorrowful record of blighted maidenhood, and beautiful youth borne from college-halls to the silence of the grave; or, what is worse, the prison-gates or the mad-house hold them in, or the terrible walls of the penitentiary.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY says most children begin school life too soon. Before the age of twelve they grow more rapidly than at any other period of existence, and while the body is working so hard to form and assimilate new material the child should not be kept in one position long at a time, lest deformity should result. By giving girls lessons at home, exercise can be varied, mental and bodily fatigue avoided, and the wrong influence of foolish companions kept away from them.

THE Marquis de Custine, a celebrated French traveller, who journeyed through Russia and made his observations with the thoroughness and discrimination so peculiar to the French character, remarks that many children in Russia have their arms frozen in consequence of the bitter cold, and that it is a truly piteous sight to meet the little creatures by the roadside with their empty sleeves, dangling on each side of their armless bodies.

"How is your wife to-day?" said a friend to a French gentleman. "Oh, moch de sem," said he, "she no better, and I fraid ver little wass. If she is gon to die, I wish she would do it soon. I feel so unhappy—my mind is so moche unsettled."

The glory of martyrdom comes from the cause for which it is suffered and the grace with which it is endured.

Only the love that is life can make life what it ought to be.

Example for the Ladies.

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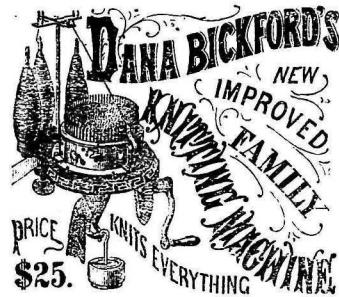
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